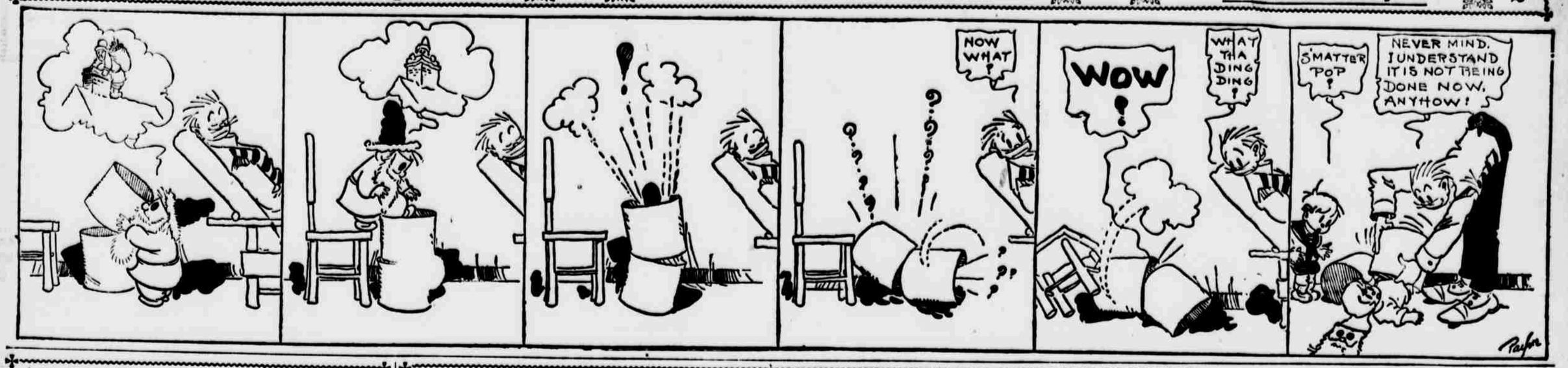
"S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne



THE ROAD TO THE TOP

Those Who Are at the Summit Point Out the Route to Others Who Are Beginning to Climb.

1.—SUCCESS IN FINANCE—

By Henry Clews,

Founder of the Banking Firm of Henry Clews & Co.

THE "Road to the Top" in banking, or in any kindred financial line, demands of a young man steadfast application to his duties and an intelligent comprehension of the work expected of him.

Ability is a matter of growth. No matter how well you may be endowed with brains and special talents, you will never come into possession of your full powers until you have grown into them, and you grow into them only by absorbing the necessary—and a number of apparently unnecessary—details of your daily occupations.

Progress is a matter of mastery. You must master your small field before you can be given a larger one. And you must begin by mastering yourself. You must know where you are weak and strengthen yourself at that point. You must know where you are erratic and steady yourself there. You must know where you are careless and make yourself reliable there.

For great strength is only little strength multiplied. The strong man is he who hurls from him all weakness wherever he finds it. A chain is not strong if one link is weak or poorly welded. A cable is not strong if one strand, or several strands, are made of straw and not of steel. You must replace straw with steel in yourself before YOU can be strong.

A banker must be a man capable of prompt and sure decisions. He cannot be given the control of money if it is not considered safe in his hands. His decisions must be respected, his interpretations of vast movements accepted and his stability at all times unquestioned. He MUST be a STRONG man.

So if your ambition turns to banking you should first of all study yourself and see if you have the capacity for gaining great strength. You should make sure that you have the qualities and the capacities which will lift you above a minor clerkship into positions of great responsibility. Unless your ambition and your determination reach clear to the top, keep out of the road. There are hundreds of others to whom your place there more rightfully belongs.

Truthfulness, honesty and ambition are the chief requisites for success in any line. Power to resist temptation and the faculty of acquiring a knowledge of the details of your chosen sphere are two of the most necessary attributes to the beginner. To perform even the most trivial duties in a way that meets the approval of your superiors is the best way to win promotion. To the young man who does small things well will be given larger things to do.

Once you make your beginning, the extent of your success rests entirely upon your own shoulders. Whether you begin as a young man in your teens or in your early twenties, the speed at which you climb will depend upon your ability as a climber. What is in you will come out just as fast as your ability brings it to the surface and it will be recognized just as rapidly as you can demonstrate its existence.

A college education is an asset to every man, the value of which cannot be overestimated. However, if a young man is a graduate of a high school, he really has ample knowledge of what is necessary to success in a financial or mercantile line of business. Actual and practical experience in a business house during the years that would ordinarily be spent in college is, in most cases, of greater benefit to a young man in his work than would be a study of the classics and the higher branches of mathematics, &c., unless a young man is fitting himself for a profession.

So don't let the lack of a college education deter you from making a beginning. There are rules for success which you can learn in the great school of life just as successfully. You can learn to be honest and to be truthful and to be willing and to be ambitious and to be a gentleman. If you can, by actual performance of duty, impress your employers that you possess these traits, you will be chosen for work where these traits are indispensable and your course will lead upward and onward.

I insist upon your being honest, not only because banking calls for absolute honesty, but because your personal success depends upon it.

I demand that you be truthful, not only because your employers otherwise will not trust you, but because the respect of your fellow-men hinges upon it.

I advise you to be willing, not only because it attracts the attention of your superiors, but because it leaves no room for habits of laziness which would militate against your success.

I tell you to be ambitious, not only because it wins the immediate steps of promotion, but because in ambition lies the secret of your personal growth and efficiency.

I call upon you to be a gentleman, not only because of the agreeable relationships it fosters in the office, but because only the thorough gentleman, who knows the uses of tact and courtesy and refined bearing, is fit to take his place among men as a leader.

Acquire these five traits and success must come to you.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

By Henry Clews.

Be honest.
Be truthful.
Be willing.
Be ambitious.
Be a gentleman.

Time-Table Tompkins

(Pronounce It Slowly While Waiting for Your Train.)

He Takes a City Friend to Dinner—Almost.

By Gus Mager

Edith Swan-Neck {An Arsene Lupin Story}

By Maurice Leblanc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.

Col. Sparmiento, a rich Brazilian, owns twelve priceless tapestries. One of these tapestries is stolen. Later, it is returned. Accompanying is a note signed with the initials of Arsene Lupin, the French thief-genius. The note ends by saying: "Next time I shall take the twelve." Sparmiento uses every possible precaution against theft; his house not only being guarded but also equipped with a system of alarm bells. He gives a reception in order to exhibit the tapestries. During the evening one of the alarm bells clangs noisily through the buzz of talk. Sparmiento's wife, fan affably known as "Edith Swan-Neck," clutches her husband's arm in sudden terror.

(Continued.)

THE guests stood motionless, their eyes staring at the windows. The Colonel repeated:

"What does this mean? I don't understand • • • No one but myself knows where that bell is fixed." • • •

And, at that moment—here again the evidence is unanimous—at that moment came sudden, absolute darkness, followed immediately by the maddening din of all the bells and all the gongs, from top to bottom of the house, in every room and at every window.

For a few seconds a stupid disorder, an insane terror, reigned. The women screamed. The men banged their fists on the closed doors. They hustled and fought. People fell to the floor and were trampled under foot. It was like a panic-stricken crowd, scared by threatening flames or by a bursting shell. And above the uproar rose the Colonel's voice, shouting:

"Silence! • • • Don't move! • • • It's all right! • • • The switch is over there, in the corner. • • • Wait a bit. • • • Here!"

He had pushed his way through his guests and reached a corner of the gallery; and, all at once, the electric light blazed up again, while the pandemonium of bells stopped.

Then in the sudden light a strange sight met the eyes. Two ladies had fainted. Mme. Sparmiento, hanging to her husband's arm, with her knees dragging on the floor, and livid in the face, appeared half dead. The men, pale, with their neckties awry, looked as if they had all been in the wars.

"The tapestries are there!" cried some one.

There was a great surprise, as though the disappearance of those hangings ought to have been the natural result and the only plausible explanation of the incident. But nothing had been moved. A few valuable pictures, hanging on the walls, were there still. And, though the same din had reverberated all over the house, though all the rooms had been thrown into darkness, the detectives had seen no one entering or trying to enter.

"Besides," said the Colonel, "it's only the windows of the gallery that have alarms. Nobody but myself understands how they work, and I had not set them yet."

People laughed loudly at the way in which they had been frightened, but they laughed without conviction and in a more or less shamefaced fashion, for each of them was keenly alive to the absurdity of his conduct. And they had but one thought—to get out of the house where, say what you would, the atmosphere was one of agonizing anxiety.

Two journalists stayed behind, however, and the Colonel joined them, after attending to Edith and handing her over to her maids. The three of them, together with the detectives, made a search that did not lead to the discovery of anything of the least interest. Then the Colonel sent for some champagne, and the result was that it was not until a late hour—to be exact, a quarter to three in the morning—that the journalists took their leave, the Colonel retired to his quarters, and the detectives withdrew to the room which had been set aside for them on the ground floor.

They took the watch by turns, a watch consisting, in the first place, in keeping awake, and next, in looking round the garden and visiting the gallery at intervals.

These orders were scrupulously carried out, except between five and seven in the morning, when sleep gained the mastery and the men ceased to go their rounds. But it was broad daylight out of doors. Besides, if there had been the least sound of bells would they not have woke up?

Nevertheless when one of them, at twenty minutes past seven, opened the door of the gallery and flung back the shutters, he saw that the twelve tapestries were gone.

This man and the others were blamed afterward for not giving the alarm at once and for starting their own investigations before informing the Colonel and telephoning to the local commissary. Yet this very excusable delay can hardly be said to have hampered the action of the police. In any case the Colonel was not told until half-past eight.

He was dressed and ready to go out. The news did not seem to upset him beyond measure, or, at least, he managed to control his emotion. But the effort must have been too much for him, for he suddenly dropped into a chair and, for some moments, gave way to a regular fit of despair and anguish, most painful to behold in a man of his resolute appearance.

Recovering and mastering himself he went to the gallery, stared at the bare walls and then sat down at a table and hastily scribbled a letter, which he put into an envelope and sealed:

"There," he said. "I'm in a hurry. • • • I have an important engagement. • • • Here is a letter for the commissary of police." And, seeing the detectives' eyes upon him, he added, "I am giving the commissary my views • • • telling him of a suspicion that occurs to me. • • • He must follow it up. • • • I will do what I can." • • •

He left the house at a run, with excited gestures which the detectives were subsequently to remember.

A few minutes later the commissary of police arrived. He was handed the letter, which contained the following words:

"I am at the end of my tether. The theft of those tapestries completes the crash which I have been trying to conceal for the past year. I bought them as a speculation and was hoping to get a million francs for them, thanks to the fuss that was made about them. As it was, an American offered me six hundred thousand. It meant my salvation. This means utter destruction.

"I hope that my dear wife will forgive the sorrow which I am bringing upon her. Her name will be on my lips at the last moment."

Mme. Sparmiento was informed. She remained aghast with horror, while inquiries were instituted and attempts made to trace the Colonel's movements.

Late in the afternoon a telephone message came from Ville d'Avray. A gang of railway men had found a man's body lying at the entrance to a tunnel after a train had passed. The body was hideously mutilated; the face had lost all resemblance to anything human. There were no papers in the pockets. But the description answered to that of the Colonel.

Mme. Sparmiento arrived at Ville d'Avray by motor-car at seven o'clock in the evening. She was taken to a room at the railway station. When the sheet that covered it was removed, Edith—Edith Swan-neck—recognized her husband's body.

• • • • • • •

In these circumstances Lupin did not receive his usual good notices in the press:

"Let him look to himself," jeered one leader-writer, summing up the general opinion. "It would not take many exploits of this kind for him to forfeit the popularity which has not been grudged him hitherto. We have no use for Lupin, except when his roguaries are perpetrated at the expense of shady company-promoters, foreign adventurers, German barons, banks and financial companies. And, above all, no murders! A burglar we can put up with; but a murderer, no! If he is not directly guilty, he is at least responsible for this death. There is blood upon his hands; the arms on his escutcheon are stained gules. • • •"

The public anger and disgust were increased by the pity which Edith's pale face aroused. The guests of the night before gave their version of what had happened, omitting none of the impressive details; and a legend formed straightway around the fair-haired Englishwoman, a legend that assumed a really tragic character, owing to the popular story of the swan-necked heroine.

And yet the public could not withhold its admiration of the extraordinary skill with which the theft had been effected. The police explained it, after a fashion. The detectives had noticed from the first and subsequently stated that one of the three windows of the gallery was wide open. There could be no doubt that Lupin and his confederates had entered through this window.

It seemed a very plausible suggestion. Still, in that case, how were they able, first, to climb the garden railings, in coming and going, without being seen; secondly, to cross the garden and put up a ladder on the flower-border, without leaving the least trace behind; thirdly, to open the shutters and the window, without starting the bells and switching on the lights in the house?

The police accused the three detectives of complicity. The Magistrate in charge of the case examined them at length, made minute inquiries into their private lives and stated formally that they were above all suspicion. As for the tapestries, there seemed to be no hope that they would be recovered.

It was at this moment that Chief Inspector Ganimard returned from India, where he had been hunting for Lupin on the strength of a number of most convincing proofs supplied by former confederates of Lupin himself. Feeling that he had once more been tricked by his everlasting adversary, fully believing that Lupin had despatched him on this wild-goose chase so as to be rid of him during the business of the tapestries, he asked for a fortnight's leave of absence, called on Mme. Sparmiento and promised to avenge her husband.

Edith had reached the point at which not even the thought of vengeance relieves the sufferer's pain. She had dismissed the three detectives on the day of the funeral and engaged just one man and an old cook-housekeeper to take the place of the large staff of servants the sight of whom reminded her too cruelly of the past. Not caring what happened, she kept her room and left Ganimard free to act as he pleased.

He took up his quarters on the ground floor and at once instituted a series of the most minute investigations. He started the inquiry afresh, questioned the people in the neighborhood, studied the distribution of the rooms and set each of the burglar alarms going thirty and forty times over.

(To Be Continued.)

FAVORITE RECIPES OF AMERICA'S FAMOUS WOMEN

The favorite recipes of famous women of the United States will be printed in The Evening World on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Many of the dishes described have won national renown, appearing on the menus of state dinners and other notable functions.

Mrs. J. Thompson Baker.

(Wife of the N. J. Congressman.)

Chicken and Spaghetti.

BOIL one-half pound of spaghetti. Line a mold with it, bending the spaghetti and leaving a hollow in the centre. Put a lump of butter in a saucepan with one-half cup of cream, one egg, some chopped parsley, a grating of nutmeg, salt and paprika. When it begins to cook add a cup of chopped, cooked chicken. Now fill the hollow in the spaghetti with this mixture and steam for one hour. Serve with tomato sauce and chopped parsley.

New Jersey Gingerbread.

ONE cup each of brown sugar, molasses, and sour milk or cream; one cup lard and butter, three cups flour, two eggs, one teaspoon each of baking soda and ginger; one pinch each of mace, allspice and cloves, and one and one-half teaspoons of cinnamon. Mix thoroughly and bake in a moderate oven.

Mrs. Sidney Ballou.

(Wife of Hawaiian Judge.)

Aspic Jelly.

ONE quart boiling water, one heaping teaspoon extract of beef, one-third medium onion, one bay leaf, one clove garlic, three pieces lemon peel, one tablespoon vinegar, one-half dozen cloves, salt.

Put all but vinegar together to boil for ten minutes; add vinegar, strain through cloth until clear; pour over heaping tablespoon gelatin that has been dissolved in cold water, strain again and put directly on ice over night. Boil well one tin of tomatoes, strain and use as quart of boiling water in above recipe; pour into circular mold. To serve fill centre with mayonnaise and garnish with endive.

Pineapple Salad.
(Hawaiian style.)

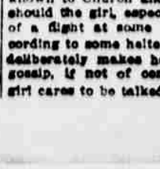
SELECT small firm pineapples, cut off top carefully to make a cover. Scoop out fruit, mixing with a rich French dressing. Put back in shell and cover. Use a pineapple for each person.

Reprinted from the Economy Administration Cook Book by special permission of W. B. Conkey Company, Hammond, Ind.

Optimettes.

By Clarence L. Cullen

REMORSE without Remuneration makes it a Cruise on a Rudderless Ship!



C. L. CULLEN

When you Talk Gloomily about the Inevitable Day when the Black-Plumed Wagon will Draw up to your Door, You Are Handing Death the High Sign!

The Man who Seems Most Modest to his Friends often is the One who Brags most Inveterately about Himself to his Wife!

Another Reason why we Feel that there is Something Wrong about us is that we've Never been Able to Work up a Cent's Worth of Enthusiasm over the so-termed Blameless Man—or Woman!

The Untempted Ones Live Tranquilly in their Cold, Sequestered Cloister but the Tempted Ones Fight and Win or Fall in the Open!

Our Understanding about Nirvana is that it's a Place where NO-body Criticises or Knocks ANY-body about ANY-thing!

SEE the Man whose Interest you Want to Engage—for when he Tells you over the Phone that he'll "Think it Over" you're Going to Get a Rejection Slip from him by Mail in the Morning!

Most of us, when we Bury the Past, want to Hold Prolonged and Needless Obsequies over the No-account Old Thing!

Looking Back, we Discern that we were Happiest when we were Talking Foolishly about the Elusiveness of Happiness!

A Man who Appears to Know what he is Talking About informs us that Opportunity never Sits Down on the Doorstep and Waits after Ringing an Unanswered Bell!

Bide your Time, of course; but Keep Hammering Away at Some Sort of a Worth-While Side Line while you're Waiting!

Whenever we Hear a Corrugated Crab quote that Unprovable Dictum, "Every Man has his Price," we Conclude, with Reason, that the Quoter has at Some Time or Other sold himself Pretty Cheaply!

We know a Lot of Men whose Boast it is that they "Drink Like Gentlemen," but it's Queer that None of Them ever is Able to Convince his Wife of that Assertion!

Introspection is a Nice, Mouth-filling Word, but its Medicinal Properties are Nil unless it's followed by an Inventory of Ourselves!

The Day's Good Stories

Just What He Said.

In the early days of Arizona an elderly and pompous Chief Justice was presiding at the trial of a celebrated murder case. An aged negro had been ruthlessly killed and the only eye-witness to the murder was a very small negro boy. When he was called to give his testimony the lawyer for the defense objected on the ground that he was too young to know the nature of an oath, and in examining him asked:

"What would happen to you if you told a lie?"

"De debbil 'ud git me!" the boy replied.

"Yes, and I'd get you," sternly said the Chief Justice.

"Dat's jus' what I said!" answered the boy.—National Monthly.

Predestination.

TWO ministers, Presbyterian and Methodist, were taking a walk along a railroad track one day, discussing good naturedly the points of difference of their respective creeds. Presently, coming to the yawning mouth of one of those long tunnels for which this road is famous, the Methodist suggested that they go in. They had gone but a short distance when the Presbyterian brother exclaimed with sudden determination:

"I'm going to get out of here! What if a train should come along?"

"Oh, well," responded the other, with a twinkle which his companion could not see, "what is to be will be, you know."

"Yes," was the retort, "but I don't want it to be in here!"—Lippincott's.

The Supreme Test.

"DOES your husband treat you unkindly?" asked the lawyer.

"Certainly not!" said the emotional woman.

"Then why do you want a divorce?"

"I don't actually want a divorce. I merely want to apply for one. Then I can judge by the kind of a fuss my husband makes whether he really cares for me or not."—Washington Star.

He Could Try It.

A GENTLEMAN gave a large dinner party in Dublin once and invited Mr. O'Connor, one of the wittiest men in the Emerald Isle, to amuse and divert his guests. Mr. O'Connor accepted the invitation with pleasure. But from the beginning to the end of the dinner he preserved a solemn and serious face. The host thought this very strange and just before rising from the table remarked to him jestingly: "Why, O'Connor, old fellow, I don't believe the biggest fool in Ireland could make you laugh to-night."

Whereupon his guest answered in a solemn tone, speaking his first word that evening: "Try."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Hints for Christmas Shoppers

IN these days of grudging gift-making it was decidedly refreshing to hear a woman say, "I just love to give Christmas presents," and it seems quite deplorable that such a generous and model Christmas spirit should be curbed by stern necessity. For with a sigh she continued, "But I can't afford to spend more than 50 cents for a gift because I have so many to buy for."

The sigh was quite irrelevant as the gifts she purchased were selected with special care to suit individual taste and in several instances she is satisfying longings expressed, so it is safe to say her gifts will afford the joy that every Christmas present should.

For her sister, who has a desk in her room, she bought one of those new quill pens in a color to match the room furnishings. She had a twinge of regret that she could not make it one of those with the gold pen, that cost $1.25, and she wanted so much to include the glass quill holder containing tiny colored glass balls, but these were 25 cents and upward.

For a brother she selected a very handy desk accessory—a brass stand holding upright a pen, two lead pencils, a blue pencil and a rubber.

A cousin will receive one of those amber neck chains that are now so fashionable, and a chum will be delighted with the dainty little blue neck ornament of crepe de Chine. Another is going to get a little ostrich feather fan.

Little brother is going to get a book selected from his school grade list of suggestive reading. Another brother will get either the Indian clubs or dumb bells he has been wishing for.

For sister's baby she selected the cutest pair of moccasins and for the three year old she purchased three bibs that she will embroider. Brother's newly arrived daughter will get a dear little worsted bonnet and her mamma will be made happy by a dainty record book where she can record baby's wonderful advancement.

For one friend she purchased a box of stationery; for another a sealing wax outfit. A soft pair of boudoir slippers will rest the weary feet of one woman after business hours. The girl who is gathering a set of white toilet articles will have another piece added to the collection. Another favorite pennant will adorn the wall of a friend's room. An uncle is to have a desk calendar with an appropriate sentiment for each week of 1914. A girl in public life is to receive a clipping set made up of strong envelopes to preserve personal mentions. Mrs. Newlywed will get a similar set for recipes.

For mother she bought a coffee percolator which cost considerably more than 50 cents, but as she explained, "Dear Mumsie, she certainly deserves something extra."

The janitress is to be made happy by a pair of warm gloves and her husband will get a pair of suspenders in a fancy box. The office boy will be proud of his scarf pin and the elevator boy is to get a pair of silver links. Her regular waitress at the restaurant will receive a set of collar and cuffs.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

Don't Elope!

BETTY VINCENT

MY dear young people, don't elope just because you think it's romantic and thrilling. It's always undignified and it may be dangerous.

Nothing or nobody can prevent a young American man and woman from marrying each other, provided they wait till each is of age. After that they may walk boldly forth at high noon and have themselves united in an open and aboveboard fashion by all the processes known to Church and State. Then why should the girl, especially, take the risk of a flight at some unseemly hour according to some helter-skelter plan? She deliberately makes herself an object of gossip, if not of censure, and no nice girl cares to be talked about.

Furthermore, it is a statistical fact that most elopements end in the divorce court. Marriage undertaken as an escapade is not apt to bring lasting happiness.

"M. R." writes: "I am in love with a girl to whom I shall be married before long. But she is much taller than I am. Would the difference in our height make our marriage unhappy?"

Not if you really love each other. There are many happy couples where the man is below the woman in height.

"E. H." writes: "A young man made an appointment with me for last Sunday afternoon, but did not keep it. When I called him up to find out why he said business had interfered, but that he would telephone me as soon as he was less busy. I had tickets for a dance, and wrote to ask him if he would like to go along, but I have not heard from him. Do you think I should telephone to him again?"

Most certainly not. Do you want to give him the impression that you are running after him?